ATTENTION

SEXUAL ORIENTED
MATERIAL ENCLOSED.

PLEASE DISGARD IF
NOT REQUESTED.

NOT FOR SALE
TO MINORS.

Masters sees the men as men and their actions and thoughts as more than simple failure or sickness. He uses both men to examine morality as much as madness but never at the expense of their singularly colorful, depressive and desperate lives.

It should also be noted that Masters delivers as much, if not more, explicit details about both men's peccadillos than any of the many other books on them. And in so doing actually succeeds in raising the pallor of the crimes above the tacky cartoon horror show and into the vivid reality of sexual egomania.

"The Dahmer case deserved rigorous attention to philosophic and legal niceties and promised to raise questions which would reverberate down the years. Judge Gram's courtroom was not an adequate theatre for bold ambitions of this sort; it was essentially parochial."

Masters tries to introduce those questions. His answers are fluid and devoid of pedantry. He talks of "various possible explanations for such gross distortions of conduct offered by psychiatric, philosophic and theological imagining" and strives to illuminate "one whose development it is possible to trace, with some effort and not a little conjecture, and whose roots might be thereby uncovered."

The only real criticism then, aside from specific and personal disagreements with Masters inoffensive conclusions, is that both books cover the same ideas -including many of the very same examples and references. Dahmer and Nilsen are very much alike and if it was Masters' intention to prove that, it would be better served by new supporting evidence. Regrettably, Masters' reluctance to build on the subject he first investigated ten years ago seems lazy and suspicious.

Dahmer and Nilsen are as similar as they are different.

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PARASITE

SCUM (An S.T.H. Chapbook, Volume 13)
Edited by Boyd McDonald
(Fidelity)

AS REAL AS IT GETS
Carol Pogash
(Plume)

UNSPEAKABLE ACTS
Greggory W. Morris & Thomas J. Waters
(Morrow)

QUEER 1.

There you stand. Just a few inches behind your dick - or if you're a fag, hopefully, quite a few inches behind your dick.

And there before you lay an incredible array of holes.

There's a six foot hunky fag on his knees behind a bathroom stall. His mustachiod maw hung open and a fat drooling tongue beckons from the hole that some pioneer Act-Up renegade cut out in the press board between cubicles with a rusty nail and sweaty palm.

There's your fat ugly wife. She's got her wobbly cellulite pickled thighs high in the air and her greasy ten-years-more assholish cunt gapes your way.

There's a little -very little, very naked- five year old girl who's been snatched from her mother in a shopping mall and taken here to be waiting just for you. She's crying. And very scared. And tied to a chair with black electrician's tape and rope. Tight. A video camera and a hammer lie on a table next to her fleshy quivering mass.

There's some silicone pumped, collagen-injected fuck stinking of cheap or expensive perfume. Wearing leather, rubber, lace, spandex, dildos, whatever it takes old man.

Or if you're a priest, there's just a hole. Any fucking hole big enough for your cock. There's the wife you never had in the shape of a ten year old altar boy or there's the ten year old altar boy you never had the balls to attack in the shape of some ugly skinny faggot you met in a forty plus queer bar.

So pick a hole and stuff your cock in. Pop your load. Clean up and get the fuck out.

And when you get home you can worry about what your mom and dad would think. What would your best friend say if he knew you fucked a nigger's cunt? And paid for it? Or if he knew you sucked a dick or ate some cunt, felched some sweaty ass or scissored off a little boy's genitals?

And when it really starts to bother you, you can pretend you were doing something revolutionary. That deflating feeling was necessary. You were making a point.

At best, THE SECRET LIFE OF JEFFREY DAHMER (Magnum Video, 100 minutes) reminds one of the old gore movies of the seventies -the ones like LAST HOUSE ON DEAD END STREET and HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THE PARK that made up for their lack of blood by their mean spirit. Always much better that way, really. At worst, it reminds one of the reason why Jeffrey Dahmer trading cards, comic books and T-shirts are so popular: sensational, easy to grasp and empty. Girl stuff.

Of course, THE SECRET LIFE OF JEFFREY DAHMER is nowhere near the likes of the two classics listed above. But as most of the movie is just scene after scene of Jeff (played by script-writer Carl Crew) offering various men money to pose nude and then killing them, there is a certain charming and brutal economy to the film. The gore is rare and badly done, the acting, sets and script all low budget and undemanding. Aside from the cheezy and insulting morals before and after ("This film is dedicated to the

And there's a fan club you can join. Maybe they'll give you a badge like a pink triangle to wear, or a tatoo and a copy of MODERN PRIMITIVES to cleave under your arm at the coffee shop. Take Back The Night Sisters! Sucking big fat lesbian cunt means so much more than ugly pimples and hair on your cheeks and chin. Sticking bells on your balls means more than cheap exhibitionism; why if you know what endorphins are it means spiritualism and catharsis and ubermensch.

Boyd McDonald, in his last interview, published just after he died, told a reporter from THE GUIDE:

"My work is an alternative to the gay liberation movement and to the gay press. The gay press has to be sexless because they are public. And in order to be publicly gay they have to be closet homosexuals."

A nice sentiment. And it makes sense in the same way PENTHOUSE FORUM makes sense. Men, hopefully honest, write about what they fucked or got fucked by and an interested public is allowed to draw their own conclusions. There's no need for politics, for soap boxing rationale, when you've got the evidence splayed open and bleeding in front of you.

Which is why Boyd and his collection of STH magazines and anthologies are disturbing to both fag politicos and bashers alike. Certainly, not all dicklickers like the faceless and filthy, cock-obsessed sex that Boyd's boys chronicle. They don't care for his tent-like use of the word "homosexual". And those of you pricky queens and well adjusted heteros who find Howard Stern and his tit and bush panderings puerile will most likely find Boyd's work similarly boring. Or annoying. Or obscene.

Boyd's last STH anthology is SCUM. Lucky number thirteen. Apparently, Fidelity Press will continue to edit new editions so real fans who aren't interested in slumming via the cheap imitations (FIRST HAND, TRUCKER) won't be tizzied into a panic.

Thirteen volumes are quite a collection. Quite a history. And in Boyd's interview he acknowledged that he was aware of its important (but separate) place in gay diaspora. Which is nice. It's one thing to be above proselytizing, it would be quite another not to be aware of the ramifications of an act; of the personal politics, philosophy and conclusions that are necessary to the understanding and fulfilment of desire and lust.

Which is where Boyd misses the mark.

Because while Boyd is going on about the importance of sex -dick sucking, ass rimming, cum swallowing et al- and all it says about the athletes involved, he forgets who the books belong to. Boyd does capture and document a history and his service as an anthropologist and a purveyor of fag jerk off porn is duly noted. However, the real pleasure to be found in his oeuvre, life and opinions has nothing to do with the sparkling spotlit corner he pretends, or hopes, he and his bathroom boys fit into.

"I continue to circle the globe for dick. I have to. In America, the "Gays" are so busy being politically correct and trying to assimilate into hetero culture that they are enemies of true sexual perverts and deviants such as myself."

memory of Jeffrey Dahmer's known murder victims and to those that survived, especially Tracy Edwards for bringing an end to it all") and the headline voice-overs, it's just a quick catalog of deaths.

Which is nice. Fun but fleeting, disappointing camp. And perhaps frustrating only in what could have been. Since it's not particularly graphic or accurate, it boils down to a bit of a time waster.

Its real worth however, is that it's packaged with a separate copy of THE TRIAL OF JEFFREY DAHMER. A two hour compilation of filmed highlights from the actual courtroom trial.

You get portions of the following: opening statements by the prosecuting and defense attornies (Michael McCann and Gerald Boyle), detectives Pat Kennedy and Dennis Murphy going over their dealings with Dahmer, Dr. Frederick Berlin bungling psychiatry for the defense, Dr. Carl Wahlstrom for the defense, Tracy Edwards (for eight minutes), Dr. Park Dietz for the prosecution (going on about the FACES OF DEATH videos), closing arguments, verdicts (by Judge Gram) and, what everyone really wants, the sentencing hearing where motly members of the victims'

Jeffrey Dahmer and Dennis Nilsen are very much alike. Both lonely drunk homosexual necrophiles with high body counts (seventeen and fifteen respectively) and a penchant for rather gory corpse disposal. That they both sucked bathroom dick now seems incidental.

In fact, Jeff and Des are so much alike that Brian Masters has seen fit to write one book and share it between the two. Masters began in 1983 after writing to Nilsen, shortly after he was arrested, and offering to publish his side of the story. The results were published in Great Britain in 1985 and proved very successful. But it is only now, due in large part to the popularity of Jeffrey Dahmer, that the book sees release here in the States. And just a few months prior, Brian Masters published his investigation into Jeffrey Dahmer's case, but, again, only in Great Britain.

KILLING FOR COMPANY is one of the very few books on a murderer to feature dedicated cooperation by the subject. Masters formed a sympathetic bond with Nilsen that, along with the fifty journals, diaries, copious letters and prison interviews that Nilsen provided, coalesced into a unique examination of the murderer just as much as the dynamic nature of murder itself. Masters freely speculated on Nilsen's crimes and did his homework. He befriended and prodded Nilsen yet remained detached enough to bring to bear his own insights and theories about what a Nilsen is to himself and to society.

In Nilsen, Masters found rare access to a subject that desperately wanted to sort himself out as much as explain himself. Together they wrote a book that looked at a specific form of murder from the inside and outside; neatly side stepping the typical pratfalls of hysteria and armchair psychology. Masters was knowledgeable and Nilsen sentient and honest.

Now in 1993, Masters attempts to repeat the formula by focusing on Dahmer and his crimes and peculiarities. Masters, however, didn't get as close to Dahmer as he did to Nilsen and instead relies heavily on a doctor's exclusive interviews. Accordingly, THE SHRINE OF JEFFREY DAHMER pays more attention to the subject of "madness" and is no worse for it.

Some of Masters' opinions stretch a bit ("He was not killing individuals but society itself") but they are his summations and clearly stated as such -he even refers to them as amateur. But it is ultimately to his credit that he presents both books as attempts to understand the characters and the exact nature of their acts/madness rather than applying cheap labels and knee jerk terms like nearly every other book in the genre.

Masters greatest contribution to the annals of crime reporting may well be his arid comments on the essence and depiction of the crimes rather than any shocking ironclad theory or risible quote gleaned from the killers. Masters concentrates on the compulsions of these individuals in such a way as to strip apart the legal definitions of the words and expose the moral and social implications of such ideas.

Certainly he had both books in mind when he stated, at the beginning of the 1993 preface to the American edition of KILLING FOR COMPANY that "the only justification for a book such as this is that it might open a window upon human behavior which it is worthwhile peering through in order to learn and reflect." And when he adds "otherwise one is left with little more than a prurient titillating of the imagination" the reader will not mistake the words for shallow moral posturing usually associated with such intentions.

So is Masters trying to paint a turd? Isn't "prurient titillating of the imagination" all a good murder book should seek to offer? Why, Masters even tosses in the most dreaded enemy a true crime reader has: "the rest is now familiar, and the reader will be spared relentless repetition of these increasingly tragic events". Is it possible that Masters' intellectualizing is just unnecessary banter and distraction from ...the meat?

No. While it's possibly due more to the fact that the crimes perpetrated by Dahmer and Nilsen were extremely gory owing to neccesity more than sadism or sense that makes such editing acceptable, it should in no way detract from Masters' success with murder as a subject loaded with lofty implications and reference. Though Masters stated concern may be elsewhere, he understands that his opinions are attempts to explain post facto manifestations and evidence.

people at the Foster Care service.

Or maybe you were forced to suck off your new foster dad. Maybe your thoughts are clouded by a different form of regret. Maybe you'll grow to hate your dad and his ugly middle aged saggy balls more and more every day for the rest of your fucking miserable life.

Take the "ordeal of Thomas Waters-Rimmer" -the subtitle of UNSPEAKABLE ACTS written by Thomas and his new buddy Greggory W. Morris. Almost five hundred fucking pages of blow job aftermath.

In a nutshell, Thomas had a bad childhood. He was placed in the care of a family friend and his wife after his real father was arrested and jailed for abusing his sisters. Tom was only four. For the next ten years or so, Tom's new dad liked to have Tom suck on his tool. He also enjoyed returning the favor. Cut to Tom's burgeoning adulthood and the realization that he could sue the Foster Care service that placed him with the family friend for five million dollars. Tom gets a lawyer, an agent and a co-author.

What the reader gets is a new version of ROOTS. Morris structures the book so as to take us on a trip through Thomas' family tree. We go on the interviews with his first dad, lawyers, sisters, aunts, everybody that matters that will talk, as well as all those who won't talk or can't be found. And we meet Thomas' girlfriend and her family. And when Thomas has an affair and gets the trollop pregnant, he screams:

"This is a nightmare. Put it in the book. This is a classic for sexually abused people: They are promiscuous."

Thomas breaks down. Experiments with cocaine. And, towards the end of the book, engages in wild violent fantasies.

It's just ridiculous. Putting aside the natural cynicism when one first hears about the later pain of abused children and even the suit isn't too hard if the details are there. But Thomas' tale is so frighteningly unspectacular that even the most pathetic earth mother will find herself hoping for some descriptions of bodily torture, or at least, some pre-teen butt rape. No chance. Some white trash trailer child abuse is there on the periphery and then there's Thomas' sisters. But, again, no real meat. Too many afterthoughts. Too many politics. Too much bullshit. Too much face painting and explaining.

There may be no such thing as simple sex. But there should be truth in advertising.

Maybe what's needed is a cross between all three books. A four year old is raped by his dad. The rape continues for years and spills over into bathrooms across America. Naturally, he gets AIDS and suffers horribly. Just before he dies he releases his daily diary. No apologies. How much?

KILLING FOR COMPANY
Brian Masters
(Random House)

THE SHRINE OF JEFFREY DAHMER
Brian Masters
(Hodder & Stoughton)

QUEER 2.

illustration. The sixth song is DON'T LET DADDY KISS ME and it reeks of your father telling you to protect your little sister while all the time cherishing the polaroids he's got of her with her little lips on his red hot cock. Even worse, it smells like he's talking to you in a gym locker room while all his jock strapped buddies pat his back.

"And he never turns on the light/And she's wide awake, scared to death/She smells his lust and she smells his sweat/Curled in a ball she holds her breath."

Lemmy sings it with strings and heart felt throat holes and you know he means every word. It must've been rough crawling that far down but Lemmy knows you have to be told just how bad it is. And, more importantly, you have to know just how bad Lemmy thinks it is: "Why, tell me why/ The worst crime in the world".

The latest issue of PENTHOUSE (February) contains an article on Joel Rifkin and his NY hooker stranglings. Even in limited article form, writers Lisa Pulitzer and Joan Swirsky offer more details as regards Rifkin's crimes and tastes than GARDEN OF GRAVES; the paperback on Rifkin released less than a year ago.The article is culled from a forthcoming book - just in case you can't stomach fat pumped up Guido cunts.

"On those rare occasions when I was left alone in there, after a guy had cum and left and no one else was present, I would get down off my seat and scoop his cum off the wall where it had landed and savor it on my fingers, licking them one by one."

"After he came, he got kind of shy so I just jerked off onto his chest. I enjoyed this greatly too."

Just a few exemplary quotes from the many contributors to SCUM. Pages and pages of dedicated cock sucking and ass munching. For those unfamiliar with Boyd and his work, SCUM is another edition of two hundred or so pages of greasy pig dicking. There's little romance in the sense of love and relationships but not in the sense of seduction, chance meeting and "that look in his eyes" which is pervasive. And the politics are after-the-fact by-products. Secondary to the documentation which serves, (due to its graphic succinctness) as more sex than sexual

What would Boyd and the typical legion of cock in the mouth = fist in the air backpatters say to the suggestion that SCUM and its counterparts are a unique peek into a very damaged fishbowl. A gory autopsy rife with virulence and pain.

You know what they'd say: Homophobe! You're repressed, insecure, scared, embarrassed, inadequate, closeted. And maybe you are. And maybe you aren't. Maybe you're fat and ugly and couldn't match up to the proper toilet prerequisites. Your dick is too small. Too old. And then again, maybe you're just not that lonely. You're not that fucked up yet, not that far gone to think that eating cum and shit covered cock is an acceptable adjunct to an evening's entertainment. Either way, all factions agree that what you enjoy is paying attention to some degenerate loser's lust and desperation. He pleads and begs for some meat to be shoved in his asshole/mouth. Some warmth. Some muscle. He wants to clean the shit out of your underwear and talk about dick cheese, ball smell and rectal scratches and you're only too happy to listen. It's a nice position to be in, pardon the pun. You don't have to stay for the sphincter health and mutuality lecture.

Desperation can be lovely when worn by someone else. Pain and rejection and abuse and sickness all rolled up and beating hard on its knees in some gum and cum stained tile floor. Like animals locked in a cage, no self control or sense, just raw wanting and confusion over their aches and lack of understanding. That look in their eyes can be: A)lust B)love C)loneliness D)rage

And so it is to Boyd McDonald's credit that these tales are edited so as to eschew the gay plague of politics. You can get whatever you want from them. Fool yourself that jerking off is a revolutionary attack the same way you might pretend that you're the one on your knees or on your feet shoveling it in. One handed reading is as removed from the action as you may care to be.

Yet still it has to be said. Boyd's personality notwithstanding, SCUM is but a patch of what the earlier volumes were. These later editions seem to offer a great deal less raunch than the original five or so. And though that may be down to burn out (afterall the first volume was published in 1981) one can't help but smell expanding

families paraded their unconvincing pain before Jeffrey, Judge and camera. Rita Isbel and her ghetto explosion of "I HATE YOU MOTHERFUCKER" is, of course, showcased but is ridiculously censored.

You also get Dahmer's statement to the judge ("I knew I was sick or evil or both, now I believe I was sick." and "I should have stayed with God. I tried and failed and created a holocaust.") And, finally, portions of the attornies' last press conference where Gerald Boyle says he believes the victims' families showed "great dignity" and Rita's outburst was "appropriate".

For those without Court TV -from whence this has been directly lifted, this video serves as an acceptable distillation of a nineteen day ordeal. Unfortunately, the producers opted not to show any of the testimonies from Feb. 7th, 1992 when three sexual abuse victims (Somsak Sinthasomphone, Luis Pinet, Raymond Flowers) took the stand. Probably due to the fact that Court TV was unable to broadcast their names and faces. However, their appearances were certainly more telling and interesting than the detectives or the clipped psychiatric drivel.

File it alongside your letter from Gacy.

sensibilities and consciousness-raising concern creeping in more and more. Of course, AIDS has done real damage but as most letters are rememberances of times past (Boyd calls the forties through the late sixties the "Golden Age Of Homosexuality") one suspects the preening is due to editorial pressure via PC expansionism. It was probably a bad sign all the way back in Volume Five (SMUT) when under the headline BOY, 12, FORCES BROTHER, 6, TO EAT HIS DICK Boyd felt compelled to note:

"It is against the law for adult men to have sex with underaged boys. I do not publish accounts by men of boys they seduce, only accounts by men of what happened in their own boyhood."

There are other avenues for such celebrations of open-minded sexuality, Boyd could argue. And, of course, that isn't to suggest that child molestation is uniquely or somehow included under the great pink armband of homosexuality. Neither is shit eating or fisting or eating cum off bathroom floors. We can only assume that Boyd edits what he includes due to personal preference and that any politicizing of his decisions be conducted well outside the pages of SCUM and its sisters.

As always you just have to know where to look. If the sort of sex that Boyd delivers isn't exactly to your taste, you can't blame Boyd.

Not in the same way you can blame Carol Pogash.

It may seem cheap to review a book on AIDS along with a book on cock sucking. Obvious, trite, tacky and opportunistic ...Silly, even. A bad joke. And especially ugly in it's macho locker room pose.

Apologies then for all those who may be offended, not by the insensitivity, but rather by the inconsideration: the reluctance to offer some new and brash and witty way to look at licking testicles. But the real reason for including AS REAL AS IT GETS here is based less on a suck-it-and-see sense of comeuppance and more on the aforementioned irritating trait of over politicizing sex between men (or men and women, men and children, men and television sets). But, still, that shouldn't lighten the shadow cast by the huge spectre of AIDS in Boyd's or any other fag rag. While the pall of politics hangs over these trysts like a thick clown painted stage curtain, it's not nearly as heavy as the Sword Of Damocles that AIDS is.

Faggots ricocheting off the windscreen left and right. And safe sex can't mean a thing now -not after ten years of sucking off your neighbor and his entire family tree.

AS REAL AS IT GETS is about "The Life Of A Hospital At The Center Of The AIDS Epidemic". Unfortunately, the title is all wrong. AS REAL AS IT GETS should include everything in Boyd's books, possibly, but more likely just yards and yards of tubes sucking mucous and feeding painkillers and bandages covering running cancer sores and mothers and children and drag queens crying their eyes out at your bedside. The book that Carol wrote has frightfully little of that. Rather it's got that great beast politics. It's not preachy. Just politics by performance and implication. But it's politics at the expense of reality. It's window dressing and a warm held hand.

Page after page, chapter after chapter tells you about the problems getting drugs tested and other things you don't care about: Lorraine Day and her surgeon's argument over HIV disclosure, Jane Doe and her seroconversion, Brownie Mary and her pot cookies.

Who gives a fuck?

Fags? Their long suffering bum buddies who get to watch them die and suffer and seap? Lonely nurses who need a boost? Gay lobbyists? Moms looking to find their sons?

AS REAL AS IT GETS only gets real once in awhile:

"You don't know what it's like to only be touched by rubber."

"Your arrogance. Your egos. You don't listen to us. You never approach us as humans."

"I want you to get in bed and hold me."

"All a person needs sometimes is a touch or a word or a look. It's probably what they were looking for their whole lives anyway."

Carole writes as if every act done by people at this hospital is done by people aware of their special place in history. The nurse's struggle, the scientist's plight, the crashing human element -everyone is concerned about the future and their place in line. Which, admittedly, only stands to reason as the book covers a hospital dedicated to a cause without a clue. So the problem is space- with all the headless chickens running around and all the shrieking and bitching and gospel singing, we just don't get enough meat. The din covers the cries.

If Boyd McDonald knew what sex before AIDS was, Carol Pogash forgot it ever existed. Because everything here seems the opposite of what's actually going on in SF General. AIDS apologists and gay historians would argue that the real picture of the pain is in the struggle to overcome it. Gore photos and reports are, sadly, lifeless statistics. But that can't be. Carol tells us about the Bay Area Reporter being forced to change its obituary policy: "Due to an unfortunately large number of obituaries (the newspaper) must now restrict obits. to 200 words". If people are dying, it's only fair to want to see it. Smell it, taste it -talk about IV tube sizes like dick sizes. Maybe Carol needs the space to reassure her target audience that there is hope, there are angels who care. It's all altruistic humanism without a body. Like most humanism, it conveniently doesn't include any humans. If it did the postscript would feature RIPs exclusively, instead as it does, reports of promotions and lecture circuits.

At best, Carol offers thumbnail sketches of victims. And blows her chance at the last word on AIDS.

When is a blow job more than a blow job?

When someone is watching.

Or when you have to spend the rest of your life thinking about it. Or regretting it. And hating your sick little moment of weakness. And you can't change it. You needed to stick that bathroom cock deep down your throat and let all that thick cum slide straight down into your soul.

Just like you had to suck off that little boy. That boy that had been entrusted to your care by the good

There is one particularly ugly strain of child abuse that Roseanne Arnold typifies. Child fucking for attention.

Normally it would be hard to turn down a glimpse into a world of sexual abuse that included as it's out-come drug addiction, nightmares, cheap prostitution, suicide obsessiveness and overwhelming hatred. It's even tempting to throw her fat and plastic surgery mutilations into the mix. But Roseanne is very unconvincing.

Perhaps this is due to basic capitalist blindness, where because of her incredible wealth and influence, those without feel she either deserves her problems or can easily overcome them. But more likely it's due to her gross Hollywood stink. Her money only affords her the spotlight for an extra long time and to make her focus worth-while, she straps on the tired weight of trailer fuckery. It's convenient. And titillating and the only evidence of the crime lies in the display of her weaknesses.

And she knows it: "...people get sexually excited hearing about molesting children."

Her cover story interview (by Kevin Sessums) in the latest issue of VANITY FAIR (February) promises much but delivers little. Her "trademark honesty" is garish Hollywood honesty and her "feminism" is all silly reflection.

"Honestly, when I can live one day and.. ah...feel like I want to live, that is a good day to me."

"I believe that once your dad fucks you in the ass you can kill him, and it ought to be legal if you're a boy -and also once your dad fucks you anywhere when you're a girl."

Roseanne barks on about the Bobbitts, the Menendez brothers, Michael Jackson ("He is the perfect picture of a child molester"), her prozac addiction, her philosophies on recovery and big budget TV bosses. She just can't talk about her attempted suicide when she was young. You understand.

Ten years from now and she's on late night TV hawking her tell-all recovery videos and walking tapes on a million dollar infomercial. Her fat pickled face stretched so fucking tight she can't even turn her head.

Another ugly strain of child abuse is the regular joe/stand up guy revulsion approach. This example is a mite more entertaining than the Roseanne type in that it clearly evinces a perverted, sublimated lust underneath the ire, where the other is merely frustrating in it's speciousness.

The latest CD by Motorhead (BASTARDS, ZYX Music) is a good